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FOR "THE FRIEND."

Incidents and Reflections.—No. 140.

CONVERSION.

Another of the cases described in the life of Edward Wright, is that of an aged shoemaker in London, who was an habitual drunkard, very profane, and one who scoffed at all religion. His wife became a Christian, at which he was greatly incensed, forbade her to read the Bible, and opposed her going to religious meetings. Sometimes, when enraged by drink, he would watch outside the place of meeting, and as she came out would swear at and otherwise ill-treat her.

One evening, when he was away drinking, she went to the meeting, where Edward Wright was in the habit of addressing the people. Towards the close of the service, she heard her husband's voice out side. He had so frequently threatened "to knock Jesus out of her," and to murder her, if she went again to the hall, that she feared he would really attempt to carry out his threat. To prevent a disturbance she went to E. Wright, and begged him to prevent her husband from entering. Before he could reach the door, the drunken fellow staggered in, calling out vociferously for his wife.

Finding that he would not quit the building without her, she hastened out of doors, her tormentor assailing her with curses. Edward cried after him, as he went along the passage, "Be sure your sins will find you out! Be sure your sins will find you out!! Be sure your sins will find you out!!!"

Hurrying home, the agitated woman left her drunken husband to stagger along as he could; and having reached the house, she carefully hid every dangerous thing that he might turn into a weapon of attack, and knelt down in prayer that her Heavenly Father might grant her protection. To her astonishment, when her husband arrived, he did not offer to assail her, but sat down on a chair, and muttered, "Find me out! Be sure your sins will find you out! What does he mean, eh?—find you out!"

Throughout the evening he was in a semi-delirious state, every now and then repeating the words which had been addressed to him. The next morning he was quieter; and when he sat down to work he seemed lost in thought, and during the whole of the forenoon did not say a word, save when he whispered, as if to himself, the words which had so seriously impressed him.

Meanwhile his wife was silently crying to the Lord, that He would have mercy upon her husband; and whenever she heard him repeat the passage, "Be sure your sins will find you out," she begged that it might even be so, that he might see their enormity, and be rescued from the consequences of continuing in them. Towards evening he became sociable, and said to his wife, "Are you going to the hall to-night?" "I should like to go," she meekly replied, "if you would allow me." To this he at once consented, and expressed his determination to accompany her, and ask the preacher, what he meant by crying after him, "Be sure your sins will find you out!"

At this meeting the good impression already made upon his mind was deepened, and confirmed, and his heart was affected with a sense of the mercy of a long-suffering and gracious Father, who sent his beloved Son into the world to save sinners. He laid aside the use of strong drink, which had been one of his easily-besetting sins; and his whole manner of life was changed.

In this instance, the stirring words of the preacher "Be sure your sins will find you out!" were an instrument used by Divine Grace to bring the sinner to repentance. In the anecdote which follows, the blessing of the Lord appears to have rested on the perseverance of a Christian wife. The occurrence took place many winters ago in Connecticut, at a place where a few zealous Methodists held their meetings in a dwelling house.

On a First-day morning, a woman in the neighborhood asked her husband, who narrates the story, "If I would be kind enough to take her across the pond in the boat (a large tide-water mill-pond was between our house and the church, the distance being nearly two miles farther around than across it), 'for,' said she, 'I purpose to go to the Methodist meeting to-day. You know it is a long walk, the nearest way to go; the road is bad, and it looks very much like rain. I wish to go early, that I may have time to pick my way, and get there before it begins to storm. Thus she stated all the most weighty objections herself, and answered them at the same time, with a determined countenance. However, I objected to her request, notwithstanding. 'Well then,' she replied, 'I must go around the pond,' and started. 'Here' said I, 'if you *will* go, come—get into the boat,' She returned, took her seat, and I rowed with a great deal of irritation of feeling, but in profound silence. We reached the other side of the pond and found the tide had flowed over the meadows so much more than usual that it was impossible for the boat to reach the dry land by several rods. I inquired with considerable spirit, 'What are you going to do now?' 'Why, I suppose I shall have to wade, if there is no other way to get on dry land.' I began to turn the boat towards home again. 'Stop,' said she: 'if you can't get any nearer the land, let me get out.' 'What, into the water! you will get your death of cold.' 'Well, then, you can carry me to the land; you have thick boots on; you will not wet your feet.' 'I don't believe I shall try it.' 'Well, then, stop, and land me as near the dry land as you can, and I will get out some way. If you take me home I shall have to go around.' 'Then you are bent on going?' 'Yes, if I can possibly get there.' I found it of no use to dissuade her, so in a rage I turned the boat, and rowing it as far on to the meadow as I could, jumped out into the water, caught her in my arms and started for dry ground. I set her on the land and returned home. After my fit of passion had passed away, I began to reflect, and the more I thought upon the occurrences of the morning, and upon my past life, the more uneasy and restless I felt."

The result of his reflections was, that he made up his mind to go to the meeting himself; and what he met with there was instrumental in turning him into the right way. In speaking of the incident above related, he said, "I bless God for a persevering wife, for if she had not thus persevered, I should have continued in my sins."

An anecdote is told of a wealthy and worldly-minded man, who was walking at leisure, and thinking within himself, "I am a happy man; with a large fortune, all of which I have acquired myself, so that I am dependent on no one. It is all my own." Just then a thunderstorm drove him for shelter into the open door of a meeting-house. As he entered, the preacher was announcing his text, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." At the sound of words so opportune, the rich man started; and, as he listened, he saw his folly, and became henceforward, taught by the Spirit, a wiser and humbler man.

Our Father in Heaven is often pleased to make use of apparently accidental circumstances for the accomplishment of his gracious purposes. Such a case was related by John de Liefde, in *Sunday at Home*, of a Dutch painter, who was appointed a member of a fire-brigade, and forgot to appear at the town-hall as required by law, to have his name registered. The penalty was a fine of five shillings, or one day's imprisonment. As five shillings was half a week's wages, he thought it would be cheaper to go to prison, and so, on Seventh-day evening he went to the jail, where he was locked in with a dozen others, who were in the same plight with himself, and who received him with cheers.

Some were playing cards, and some were humming vulgar songs. The painter, who was a pious man, did not enjoy his situation among them, but lifting up his heart to the Lord for help and guidance, he took a little Bible from his pocket, and drew near the window to catch the sunset rays, and offered to read a few pages to the others.

The prisoners drew near round the painter, who opened his book at the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and began reading the parable of the Prodigal Son. By the time he had finished the last verse the sun set.

"I know that story very well," said a voice. "It is from the Bible."

"I never heard it before," said another. "It is a fine story."

"Have you never read the Bible?" asked the painter.

"No, we don't," replied the last speaker.

"Ah, you are a Catholic," said some voices. 'Your priests forbid you to read the Bible, don't they?"

The painter, perceiving that the conversation was about to turn into a dispute about Protestants and Catholics, at once raised his voice and said:—

"But *your* ministers do *not* forbid you to read that book. Well, then, permit me to ask you, have *you* read it?"

The company was silent. There was a pause. At length a voice said:—

"Yes, I read a little of it when a boy, but I have forgotten all about it."

"I have no time to read books," said another.

"I cannot read at all," said a third one.

"Well, then, if you have no objection, we will read it to-morrow," said the painter.

"Very well," cried the prisoners. "It will help us to shorten the day."

The next day, the painter again read to the prisoners, and they agreed to hold a religious meeting; in which he pointed out to them the love of God in sending Christ into the world, and exhorted them to take the Redeemer as their Master. His words seemed to make considerable impression on those about him.

About six months after, he learned that one of the company was awakened, during that day in jail, to a sense of his sinfulness and of the Lord's mercy, and had since abandoned the way of the world. J. W.

From the "Public Ledger."

The Poor Indian.

Washington, Oct. 30.—Some weeks ago the military authorities of Arizona Territory reported to the War Department that the sheriff of Pinal County held warrants, the legality of which was questioned, for the arrest of Eskimizin and twenty-seven other Indians living on the San Pedro River, in that Territory, upon charges of grand larceny and resisting arrest, and had called upon Captain Pierce, the commanding military officer at the San Carlos agency, who is also acting Indian agent, to aid him in making the arrests.

General Miles, in reporting the matter to General Howard, expressed the opinion that an attempted arrest of these twenty-eight Indians by local civil officers would prove a serious matter if it did not involve the Territory in an Indian war. The whole history of the affair is now made public in a report just received at the Indian Office, from Lieutenant J. W. Watson, of the Tenth Cavalry, transmitted by Captain Pierce, from which it appears that the Indians have long been the victims of outrageous persecutions by the whites.

From the Indian officials it is learned that Eskimizin was until within the last few years the head chief of the Aravaipa and Pinal Apaches, for whose occupation the San Carlos reservation was originally established. He was a powerful chief, and had great influence with his tribe, of which the since notorious Geronimo was a member. Nine years ago Eskimizin and a number of his followers, of their own accord, desiring to live in peace with the whites, abandoned their tribal relations and took up lands in the San Pedro valley, under the Indian homestead law. They built comfortable houses and barns, irrigated and fenced their lands, and, by their own unaided industry, accumulated considerable property. It was an entirely new departure in the history of these hitherto fierce Apaches, and the Interior Department did everything in its power to assist and protect them, as did also the officers of the army stationed in the vicinity. Before long, however, white settlers began to encroach upon their lands, and unsuccessful attempts were made to dispossess them by filing upon the very tracts to which the Indians had initiated title. The report shows that since that time they have been the constant victims of maltreatment, trickery, threats of violence, and impositions in numberless ways. Many of them have been arrested, the report asserts, and taken before distant justices of the peace for trial upon trumped-up charges of one character or another, and all for the sole purpose of ultimately driving them from their good homes that the whites may take possession of them. These persecutions, the report continues, have never caused the Indians to retaliate, but they have accomplished their purpose in driving Eskimizin and his little band from the San Pedro back to their old reservation. Eskimizin says he does not wish to struggle longer, and has come back hoping for a home and protection from the whites on the reservation. He and his people left behind them everything they possessed. The old chief left a good home, 35 cattle, farming implements, 270 sacks of corn, a quantity of wheat and barley, a good wagon and harness, and household furniture. Everything was abandoned to the whites. The last act of hostility on the part of the whites was the arrest of six of the Indians, it is said, upon false charges, and the attempted arrest of twenty-eight others, referred to above.

The sheriff of Pinal County has made a demand upon Captain Pierce for the surrender of the accused, which on October 10th, the date of Captain Pierce's letter of transmittal, had not been complied with. The Indian officials pronounce the affair a shameful outrage upon peaceful and law-abiding Indians, and will take such steps as may be necessary to restore to the Indians their abandoned property.

An Exhortation.

"Friends, you see how men and women can speak enough for the world, for merchandize, for husbandry, the ploughman for his plough; but when they should come to speak for God, they quench the spirit, and say and do not obey God's will. But come, let us see what the wise merchants can say; have they found the pearl in the field, and purchased the field? And let us see, what can the spiritual ploughman, husbandman and thresher say for God? And how they have labored in the vineyard, that they may have their penny? Some are breakers of clods in the vineyard, some are weeders, some are cutting off the brambles and bushes, and fitting the ground, and cutting up the roots with the heavenly axe for the seed, some are harrowing in, some are gathering and laying up the riches: so you may see, here are merchants, ploughmen, harrowers, weeders, reapers, threshers in God's vineyard; yet none are to find fault one with another, but every one laboring in their places, praising the Lord, looking to Him for their wages, their heavenly penny of life from the Lord of life."

"And Friends, do not quench the Spirit, nor abuse the Power; when it moves and stirs in you be obedient, but do not go beyond; nor do not add to it nor take from it; for if you do you are reproved, either for going beyond, or taking from it. And when any have spoken forth the things of the Lord, by his power and spirit, let them keep in the power and spirit, and that keeps them in the humility."—*Geo. Fox.*

For "The Friend."

A Visit to the Sea-Shore.

While riding in the cars to Atlantic City, N. J., on the 21st of Tenth Month, I was much impressed with the beautiful colors which were displayed by the oak bushes by the way-side. The leaves were of various shades of red: some were dark maroon, others a brighter red; and when illuminated by the rays of the declining sun, they shone with a brilliancy which drew forth involuntary exclamations of wonder and delight.

I noted with interest the pale green of the foliage of the young pines, and the darker hue of the leaves which covered the tops of the cedars, whose stems rose in thick array from some of the swamps we passed. Among the sand-hills of the Atlantic City beach were frequently to be seen large clumps of bushes, still covered with small, wedge-shaped green leaves, and apparently profusely laden with masses of white flowers. They were beautiful in themselves, and the more conspicuous and attractive because the season of flowering had passed for all but a few hardy late flowering species. A closer examination showed that the whiteness was due, not to any bloom, for that had long since departed, but to the copious masses of white down or silky hairs like the down of thistles, which were attached to the seeds. The plant was the Groundsel-Tree (*Baccharis halimifolia*) which grows on the sea-beach from Massachusetts southward. It belongs to the great natural order of *Compositæ*, or compound flowers, which includes the asters, golden-rods, sun-flowers, thistles, and many other kinds; and is, says Gray, "an immense family;" and is the largest of all the orders of flowering plants.

Although so late in the season, some specimens of the sea-side Golden-rod (*Solidago sempervirons*) still retained their flowers. It is perhaps the most showy of all the species of this beautiful family of plants. The leaves are very smooth, rather long and narrow, slightly clasping at base, and, like those of many other plants which grow near the sea, they are somewhat thick and fleshy.

This fleshy manner of growth was conspicuously exhibited in another plant which was abundant in the salt marshes along the coast—the Samphire, or Glasswort, or Pickle-weed, as it is variously termed—(*Salicornia Virginica*). This can scarcely be said to have any leaves, but their place is supplied by oblong cylindrical fleshy masses strung along the stem, like beads on a string. Buried in the flesh of these cylinders are the flowers, and the seeds which follow them, invisible to any but a close observer, who takes the pains to dissect them and thus expose the hidden mysteries of the plant. This curious plant changes from green to red in the late fall, and I saw numerous patches of red due to it, as we passed over the meadows between the beach and Absecom. Whether it is ever really used for a pickle, as one of its names seems to indicate, I know not, but if so, its strong saline taste would seem to render unnecessary the addition of any salt to the liquid in which it was preserved.

Among the grass of the marsh there still lingered a few imperfect specimens of a small star-flower (*Aster*) which loves the vicinity of the sea. It was the zigzag star-flower (*Aster flexuosus*), the stem of which bends slightly at each joint, alternately to the right and left. The branches bear large solitary flowers of a pale purple color, and the narrow leaves are *thick* and *fleshy*, like so many other shore plants.

The friend in whose company I was, had taken

me in the cars to Longport, near the southern termination of the strip of beach on which Atlantic City is built. We there turned to the right and came to the shore of the inlet or bay. This we followed to the point where it connects with the ocean, and then turning northward explored the beach, until, after a walk of ten or twelve miles, we again reached Atlantic City. My companion was especially interested in the sea-weeds, of which he was making a collection. We found a number of species of these. Among these were the common Fucus or bladder-kelp, which subdivides into many flat branches, and is furnished with numerous air bladders of the shape and size of small beans; the *Ulva* a beautiful green variety spread out into large but thin sheets like crumpled leaves of green tissue paper; the *Cladophora*, which resembles the Ulva in the brightness of its green color, but is subdivided into threads or narrow strips; and the *Grinnelia*, which is somewhat like the Ulva in its crumpled appearance, but grows in narrower leaves which are red in color. Of this kind we found but few specimens. It is thought to be one of the most beautiful of the productions of the ocean.

On an island opposite the southern end of the beach were the white buildings of a fish factory, where the Menhaden or Moss-bunkers are converted into oil and fertilizers. We saw one of the steamers employed in the fishery lying out in the ocean. This kind of fish swims in large schools, which have the habit of coming up to the surface of the water, and thus betray their locality to the fisherman. When a school is seen by the men on the lookout, small boats loaded with nets are sent out, which surround the school with a seine, the bottom of which is so arranged that it can be drawn together, thus enclosing the fish so that there is no escape. The space inside is gradually lessened, until the fish become so crowded together that they can be shovelled into casks in the vessel alongside. When these are delivered at the factories, they are cooked, the oil pressed out, and the refuse sold for manure. The Menhaden were described to me as a fish rather shorter, but broader than a herring, and so full of bones as to be of little value for food, although well-tasted.

A strong breeze was blowing, and impelled by it, a vessel was entering the bay. It was a beautiful sight to note the white sails swelled out by the wind, and the swiftness and apparent ease with which the vessel glided over the surface of the water.

My companion remarked that the wind was blowing about like it had done a few days before, when he and his father made a trip in a small sail-boat from Atlantic City to Tuckerton, in order to attend the Monthly Meeting there. The breeze was so fresh, that it was dangerous for any one to venture from shore, unless he was a skilful sailor. As an evidence of this, their own boat, in a sudden puff of wind, was turned so far on its side as to bring the sail almost or quite in contact with the water; and in passing over one of the bays they came upon another boat, which had completely upset. The two men who were passengers in it, had clambered on the bottom, now projecting into the air. These they rescued from their perilous situation, and landed them near one of the life-saving stations, which the Government maintains at exposed points on the coast. Here the ship-wrecked men were furnished with dry clothing, and kindly cared for till the next morning, when the life-saving crew found the boat, righted it, and enabled them to go on their way rejoicing.

This narrative gave double interest to one of these life-saving stations which we passed on the Atlantic City beach. The boat which belonged to it, was quietly resting on the sand, and one of the men was pacing to and fro, keeping a watch on the restless ocean, and ready to give the alarm to his fellows if their help should be needed to rescue life or property from the waves.

(To be continued.)

From Friends' Quarterly Examiner.

Extracts from the Records of Isoll Preparative Meetings, England, from 1699 to 1780.

(Concluded from page 118.)

In their testimonies of disownment very strong language is used. In one, for drinking, it appears that much pains was taken with him, from the words, "severall of us who have laboured with him."

"These may certifie all whom it may concern that whereas William ——, of Low Ireby, in the county of Cumberland, hath for divers years past made profession of the truth, and essembled himselfe amongst the people called Quakers, yet for want of true watchfullness against the enemy he hath maney times of late given way to a loose, libertine spirit in a profuse way of living by tipling and drinking at inns or alehouses untill he hath been frequently drunk, and abused himselfe with liquor to the wasting of his substance, scandall to himselfe, and dishonour to his profession, notwithstanding he hath often been ffriendly advised to forbear such indecent practices by severall of us, who have laboured with him for amendment of such his tipling and excessive drinking, yet he persists, or rejects our advice, and grows worse, and no appearance of amendments. We therefore, for such his lavish way of living, excess in drinking, often intoxicating himselfe, and rejecting our advice, to the dishonour of truth and his profession, do testify against him and his eregularities, and have no unity with him, desiring he may come to repentance and amendment of life, and guard against such lustfull practices and untruth-like accounts.—Signed on behalf of our Monthly Meeting held at Pardshaw Cragg, the 19th day of First Month, 1727-8, by John Wilson."

There are many interesting minutes that I place under the head of "Money." I am much struck with the great exactness shown in entering the payments and balancing their accounts; with the wonderful difference in the value of money in those days as compared with the present time; and with the number of times Friends were then called upon to subscribe to new meeting-houses.

First, an example showing the value of money then:

"The 19th of the Fourth Month, 1709.—Collected in this quarter £00 09s. 00d.

"At said meeting it was then agreed upon, to and with the consent of her Father, William Bouch that Margaret Bouch, his daughter, shall dress and keepe the meeting-house, together with the stable and the loft above it, clean and in order, as also the nettles and the troubellsom weeds in the buriing-place taken away, and for soo doing this meeting doth grant and allow tow shillings a year—that is to say, sixpence a quarter, to be payed quarterly as this preparative meeting this day have agreed."

I come to the history of a legacy of one pound, which it appears to have taken ten years to obtain, and after all had to be taken out in books!

"The 12th of the Twelfth Month, 1712.—No collection to be made in the ensuing month for the supplying of poor, &c., this quarter."

"This day report was made by ——" (I omit the name), "of High Bard House, executor to his brother Jonathan ——, late of Loweswater, deceased, the said Jonathan have left to this meeting the summe of one pound, which is in the executor's hands, and may be called for when the meeting thinks convenient."

There is no record how often it *was* called for, and I find no further record for eight years, when in

"14th of Eighth Month, 1720.—W. Adcock to speake to John —— to see if he will pay the money."

Another year and a half brings us to the end of the matter.

"15th of the Second Month, 1722.—Pursuant to a minute made 12th of Twelfth Month, 1712, upon a legace left by Jonathan —— to this meeting, and by a latter contract of this meeting with said Jonathan's executor John ——, to take the said legace of one pound in the first volume in folio of Thomas Ellwood history of the Old and New Testament, which said books the said John —— have sent for and brought and offered to this meeting, and this meeting doth accept of the said books in full satisfaction of the said legace. Agreed that the said John —— to have the comfit of said book as others of the meeting."

As an old Ackworth scholar I was much interested to find this entry:

"The 19th of the Ninth Month, 1779.—Subscribed for the use of Ackworth Scholl, in Yorkshire, seven shillings and sixpence."

In the earlier volume I think more than half the book is occupied with a record of those who borrowed *books* and when they were to be returned.

"21st of Ninth Month, 1708.—At said meeting, John Scott with G. Fox Docktrinell book, and to keep it to the next preparative meeting."

"The 18th of Fourth Month, 1710.—This meeting agrees to take one of George Fox's journals in two parts, and pay for the said books at the public charge of the meeting."

"The 20th of the Sixth Month, 1710.—James Hudson received the first part of G. Fox new journals, and Daniell Dickenson the second part, each keepe them one month and then to change first for the second and the second for the first the next month, and so others to continue the like practice."

"The 16th of Seventh Month, 1716.—Isoll meeting and Cockermouth have joyned of James Naylor's Journall equell betwixt the meetings and payed for it likewise the day above said."

This partnership, like many others, does not seem to have answered:

"The 21st of the Second Month, 1717.—The minutes drawn the 16th of the Seventh Month, 1716, the Isoll meeting and Cockermouth meeting have joyned of equality of James Naylor journall this day Isoll meeting have purchased Cockermouth meeting halfe to themselves and paid it by the hand of John Scott."

"The 20th of Ninth Month, 1717.—Friends that have publick books are desired to bring them in on First-day next, that they may be disposed of to others."

"The 14th of the Twelfth Month, 1724.—The proposal for the printing the works of our worthy friend Wm. Penn read and the answer thereof suspended until the next preparative meeting, whether the said meeting will subscribe for one of said books or not."

"21st of the First Month, 1725.—This meeting have agreed to take one of our worthy friend William Penn's works in two books into this meeting."

"The 18th of the Eighth Month, 1734.—Pro-

posals being made for reprinting Robert Barclay Apologe Friends are desired to consider before next preparative meeting how many they will take."

I find no record of how many they *did take*.

"The 20th of the Twelfth Month, 1761.—Four of Barclay's Catichsimens subscribed for."

It is very interesting to see how the meeting cared for the wants of their individual members in many ways:

"The 19th of Seventh Month, 1725.—James Dickinson offered to this meeting to be proposed to the Monthly Meeting for order sake that he wants an apprentice to a shoemaker."

I think I have now given enough extracts; they throw a good deal of light on the habits of our Friends in an early day in a portion of England where many worthy Friends in very humble circumstances lived, and where our Society greatly multiplied—Friends, whose memory is still very dear to not a few who through their faithfulness inherit many of our religious principles.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

MIDDLESBRO'-ON-TEES.

OH, how craftily does the adversary work!—representing that as all-important to one, which, with equal success he exhibits to another as of no importance at all. He cares not in what direction we wander if he can but turn us out of the straight path, and rob us of that peace which is to be sought in simply following our heavenly Leader in the obedience of faith. When he cannot shake the mind from a steadfast attachment to what it has proved to be good and valuable, he sometimes seeks to busy it too much with externals, or so to depress it with gloomy and discouraging views as to obstruct the lively exercise of faith and hope and the growth of other precious fruits of the Spirit. It is true, there are discouragements enough,—such a mass of heterogeneous opinions, contradictions and inconsistencies amongst men that we might well sink at the view, were it not for that consoling and strengthening assurance of the Lord Jesus, that his sheep shall know his voice, and that He will give them such a discriminating knowledge of it as shall enable them to distinguish it from the voice of the stranger. It is the policy of the enemy to raise a clamor, that men may not hear or may not attend to this gentle and inspeaking voice. He knows how to take every advantage, and to turn opposite circumstances to his own account, and perhaps is now seeking to hinder the progress and to lessen the usefulness of some in our Society by unduly casting them down.

We often hear it said, and are too apt to say ourselves, the times in which we live are peculiar; without sufficiently considering that in every age of the church there have been afflictions deemed peculiar by those on whom they fell; therefore the Apostle Peter says: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you." What are our sufferings when compared to those of the first followers of Christ? They endured a great fight of afflictions; and how? Not by giving way to gloomy fears, uttering doleful complaints, or casting reproaches one upon another. They put on the breastplate of faith and of love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation; and nobly pressed toward the mark, for the prize of their high calling; and surely it is with the same heavenly armor we must be equipped if we would maintain our posts as good soldiers of Christ Jesus. Let us not then pore over each other's errors, but rather seek for more of that grace which will enable us to detect our own. I think I never felt more strongly than at present the necessity for all who seek the welfare of our Society to endeavor to follow diligently their individual path of duty, as it may be clearly made known to them, looking as little as possible to the right hand or to the left. Oh for a single eye and a simple heart! but how deficient am I herein! We know who it is that hath said, "If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."—*Maria Fox.*

SELECTED.

A SONG OF THE BURDEN-BEARER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away."

Over the narrow foot-path
That led from my lowly door,
I went with a thought of the Master,
As oft I had walked before.
My heart was heavily laden,
And with tears my eyes were dim;
But I knew I should lose the burden
Could I get a glimpse of Him.

It was more than I could carry,
If I carried it all alone;
And none in my house might share it—
Only One on the throne.
It came between me and pleasure,
Between my work and me;
But our Lord could understand it,
And his touch could set me free.

Over the trodden pathway,
To the fields all shorn and bare,
I went with a step that faltered,
And a face that told of care.
I had lost the light of the morning,
With its shimmer of sun and dew;
But a gracious look of the Master
Would the strength of morn renew.

While yet my courage wavered,
And the sky before me blurred,
I heard a voice behind me
Saying a tender word.
And I turned to see the brightness
Of Heaven upon the road,
And sudden I lost the pressure
Of the weary, crushing load.

Nothing that hour was altered,
I had still the weight of care;
But I bore it now with the gladness
Which comes of answered prayer.
Not a grief the soul can fetter
Nor cloud its vision, when
The dear Lord gives the spirit
To breathe to his will, Amen.

O friends! if the greater burdens
His love can make so light,
Why should his wonderful goodness
Our halting credence slight?
The little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret,
Shall we not take them to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

—*S. S. Times.*

UNSELFISHNESS.

I said it in the hillside path,
I say it on the mountain stairs,
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because it makes the whole world sweet.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

SELECTED.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day:
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft when I'm ready to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With the selfsame round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine:
"You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk;
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk,
Living your life for love's sake
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."

—*Mother's Companion.*

White Stones Buried with the Dead.

In the moorland known as Loch Nell Moss in Argyleshire, Scotland, various traces have recently been discovered of the homes and graves of our Pagan ancestors, suggesting dim and shadowy visions of their life in far remote ages. Half away across the Moss rises a large cairn, built of rounded water-worn stones, and surrounded by stunted trees. This has recently been excavated; and in the heart of the tumulus were found two megalithic chambers, containing human remains and urns. Also divers white quartz stones, such as various Pagan nations were wont to bury with their dead—possibly as emblems of immortality and of sin forgiven or cancelled, as when the Greeks of old symbolized a release from some obligation by the giving or receiving of a white stone—a custom probably alluded to in the book of Revelation in the promise, "To him that overcometh * * I will give a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

In the present instance, the white stones were arranged in pairs, on a ledge of rock projecting above the urns, a single stone being placed at each end of this double row; another single white pebble was found inside one of the urns.

A considerable number of similar pebbles of white quartz have recently been discovered in various old British tombs on the Isle of Cambræ, as also within the Sacred Circle on the Isle of Man; a circle, by the way, which from time immemorial has been held in such reverence, that to this day the Parliament of the Island is there convened. These pebbles were also found in most of the old tombs recently excavated in the neighborhood of Dundee, in fact, so frequent was their presence that it was common for the workmen employed in excavating to exclaim, "Here

are the two stones! now we will get the bones." Rock crystal is sometimes found in lieu of white quartz.

Akin to these pebbles, in their symbolic connection with the religious and funereal rites of our ancestors, are the conical masses of white quartz found entombed with human remains in tumuli at Inverary, Dundee, Letcombe Castle in Berks, and Maiden Castle near Weymouth, precisely similar to those found in excavations at Nineveh (now to be seen in the British Museum) with this exception, that on the latter are carved representations of serpents), and of the sun and moon.—*In the Hebrides.*

If one were asked what the "duty" is, which more than any other is dinned into the ears of young and old, he would probably not be far from the truth if he replied, The duty of "getting on in the world." In this hurrying life, the humbler virtues are sadly apt to get crowded out of sight; and he is most likely to be regarded as the successful man who pushes and scrambles, and who gets for himself all that he can get. But once in awhile it is well to remind ourselves—if we do not always remember it—that there are higher duties than the so-called duty of getting on in the world, and that there is something better than getting the best for ourselves. "Seekest thou great things for thyself?"—it is the message of Jehovah to Baruch, who had been lamenting his own ruined prospects in his ruined country—"seek them not * * * But thy life will I give unto thee for a prey in all places whither thou goest." Better than all the selfish enterprise and cleverness which men are wont to praise, and which men are apt to strive for, is the quiet spirit which recognizes life as a gift from God, to be used as God directs; and which seeks no great thing for one's self, knowing that what God gives is for each one the best and the greatest of blessings. To do good to others is better than to do good to one's self; and simply and cheerfully to do the will of God is better than either.—*Selected.*

Question. Of what service are the Scriptures as they are given forth and recorded without?

Answer. Much every way unto those that have received the same Spirit from which they were given forth. For unto such they are profitable, and make wise unto salvation, and are unto them of service for instruction, edification and comfort—the same Spirit in them receiving the testimony of the Spirit as it is declared in the Scripture. And there is an agreement and union in the Spirit within, and also in the words without; and so there is instruction, edification and comfort by the Scriptures unto all that are in the same Spirit that gave them forth.—*William Smith's Catechism*, 1667.

A Good Experience.—Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were to be removed, they would be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case, God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as every one was removed, He has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple and not able to move, I am happier than I ever was in my life before, or ever expect to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety.—*Payson.*

An Out-of-the-way Corner.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

One who visits London for the first time, finds it so full of attractions that it is necessary to give up much, and put aside many plans which were made before leaving home, simply because the city is so vast, and the distances between different points of interest so enormous, that a whole day is often devoted to some excursion which the traveller had expected to accomplish in a few hours. For this reason it often happens that interesting localities are neglected, because they are too far from the Tower, or Westminster Abbey, or Kensington Museum, to be included when one visits these central points, and seem hardly worth the time which a separate expedition would require.

We were in London some weeks before we had a good opportunity to explore the old streets in the vicinity of Cheapside, which are so rich in historical associations. Travellers who consider themselves excused, while abroad, from keeping the Fourth Commandment, take an opportunity to do their sight-seeing in this interesting locality on Sunday, when the noise of traffic is hushed, "and all that mighty heart is lying still;" for on ordinary week-days they are so crowded that it is impossible to wander about, and look up the birthplace of Milton, or Sir Thomas More, or the old Mermaid Tavern, and a host of other places which are dear to all lovers of English literature. Those who feel bound to observe the day of rest, even in a foreign land, will find it difficult to explore this part of London, unless they are fortunate enough to be in the city on one of the quarterly Bank Holidays, when all shops are closed, and the business streets as deserted as they are on Sunday.

Our first bank holiday was spent in this way. We started at the old Charter-house, we only looked at the outside of the building, lingering a little in the quiet garden, and then went to Cheapside. We heard the bells from the church of St. Mary le Bow, whose chimes said so distinctly to that friend of our childhood, Dick Whittington,

> "Turn again, turn again
> Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

Those who are born within sound of these bells are real Londoners, "veritable cockneys."

Near Cheapside is Bread Street, where Milton was born, and what was once Grub Street, where starving authors were wont to congregate. Here, too, is Wood Street, where Wordsworth's "Poor Susan" heard the thrush sing morning after morning; and Milk Street, where Sir Thomas More opened his baby eyes, all unconscious of the bloody death which was before him.

We turned down King Street, one of the many which bear that name in London, to the old Guild Hall, and stepped inside to see the great images, Gog and Magog, and the many busts and portraits of celebrated persons. Here Lady Jane Gray and Anne Askew were tried, and here Charles I. asked the common council to protect him from Hampden. As we came out of the building there was a great fluttering of wings, as hundreds of pigeons came flying down, eager for the grain which an old man was scattering on the pavement. They are almost as tame as the famous pigeons of St. Mark's in Venice, and, like them, are fed at public expense. After leaving the Guild Hall, we had a long walk, passing through "Old Road," said to be older than London itself, coming at last to City Road.

Close by this thoroughfare is a plot of ground enclosed by a high iron fence, which is now known as Bunhill Fields Cemetery. It is literally filled with graves, and the act which forbids further burials there would be quite unnecessary, were it not for the custom of using one grave for an entire family. Many a stone, which marks what appears to be a single grave, bears the name of half a dozen persons who sleep beneath it.

In this crowded enclosure one might wander for a long time, reading on the old monuments only of strangers who have so wholly passed from earth that even their names would be forgotten except for this brief record here; but at last one is sure to find an inscription which will recall, as with a flash of light, days long past, when he pored over the story of that fascinating desert island, or looked over the old hymn-book in church, or, it may be, followed the fortunes of the pilgrims as they went toward the Celestial City. The monument to Daniel Defoe was erected by English children, that the author of "Robinson Crusoe" might not sleep in an unknown grave. In his "History of the Plague," Defoe gives a horribly vivid account of this very place ("Bone Hill Fields," which has been mercifully corrupted in Bunhill), where the great pit was dug into which hundreds of bodies were thrown in those dreadful days when death seemed a conqueror indeed.

Not far from the grave of Defoe is a monument to Isaac Watts. Dear old Dr. Watts! How many Christians have known and loved his hymns from the time when their mothers sang over their cradles,

> "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,"

until that last dread hour, when, with faltering lips, they have whispered,

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are."

How little of sadness there is in standing beside a grave like this! Here his familiar hymn seems like a song of triumph:

> "I'll praise my Maker with my breath,
> And when my voice is lost in death,
> Praise shall employ my nobler powers.
> My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
> While life, and thought, and being last,
> Or immortality endures."

Is there a poet in Westminster Abbey whose words are so associated with what is most sacred in the lives of thousands?

Nearly in the centre of the cemetery is a marble sarcophagus, on whose top is a recumbent statue of a pilgrim, still grasping his staff and roll. We knew at once that this was the grave of John Bunyan, whose immortal allegory has helped so many faltering Christians through the Slough of Despond and over the Hill Difficulty to the Celestial City. Not far from Bunyan's grave is a simple headstone to Susanna Wesley, the mother of many children, the most famous of whom were John and Charles Wesley; and just across the street from the cemetery is the City Road Chapel, where those sons preached so faithfully. In the little churchyard is the grave of John Wesley. Who can wonder that this locality has been called "The Campo Santa of the non-conformists?"

Our walk home led us through some of the poorer parts of London. Low groggeries abounded, and they were filled to overflowing by the poor wretches whose only idea of a holiday is a debauch. Now and then a man reeled past us, or lay down in the gutter in the deadening stupor of the drunkard. Women, with loud voices and unsteady feet, were making their way to their miserable homes.

Saddest of all, there were crowds of unkempt,

squalid children, huddling about in groups on the doorsteps, or playing rough, noisy games on the curbstone, too used to all this to even look with curiosity at the patrons of the gin palaces as they staggered by. Here Watts and Wesley and Bunyan preached, and worked, and sang, and left England better than they found it; and yet this great curse of intemperance paralyzes every healthful instinct, and chokes all effort.—*S. S. Times.*

A GENTLEMAN, who was eminent as a scientist, some years since died in the city of Brooklyn, in this State, from a wasting and protracted disease. He was also a devout Christian. On one occasion, as he lay on his bed, he stretched forth his pallid and emaciated hand, and, as nearly as we can recall his words, spoke as follows:

"You see this hand. Let me tell you that it is not myself. It is *my* hand, and not yours. I do not call it myself, or think of it as such. I might lose it, and yet be myself. And what is true of this hand, is also true of every other part of my body. This whole body with all its organs is not myself. My doctor tells me that I must die before long. He is mistaken. I am not going to die at all. It is only my body that will die. That body is not and never was myself. I live in this body now, but I shall soon quit it, and then I shall live elsewhere. My friends will bury this body, but they will not bury me. I shall not be there to be buried with it. I expect then to be in Heaven, where Christ is; and I expect to be perfectly holy and happy there. This cancerous tumor, which is about to destroy my body, will destroy nothing else. My essential self will still remain."

Such, for substance, is what this gentleman said at the last interview the writer ever had with him. It was said in a quiet, peaceful, and scholarly manner, with a slow and thoughtful utterance. The dominant thought running all through this utterance is one that we ought to emphasize in our meditations, as we go through life, and when we come to the final hour. It is a bibical thought. That materialism which traces mental life to the body, and makes the latter essential to the former, has no warrant in the Bible, or in sound reason. The body is simply the "earthly house of this tabernacle,"—the present abode and the present instrument of the mental man resident therein, but essentially no part of that man, and not indispensable to his existence or to the activity of his powers. He can exist and act *out* of it as really as he ever did in it. So Paul thought when he said: "For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." Beautiful thought with which to live, and a beautiful thought with which to quit this world.—*Independent.*

WE once knew a man who was so economical that he preferred to clear off the snow from his own sidewalk rather than give a quarter of a dollar to a poor man who needed the job. He was well off, but he quoted this proverb to us when we suggested that it was bad economy for *him* to do that kind of work, as well as bad charity to the poor man: "A penny saved is a penny earned." Quite true; but he changed his mind when, the next morning, he awakened with a stiff back and a bad cold, which laid him up for three days, and finally developed into a case of mild pneumonia, which cost him several weeks of time to get over, and a $200 doctor's bill.—*Selected.*

The Roman Necropolis near Seville.

George Bonsor, writing from Mont-Joye, Ghistelles, Belgium, gives some details about the discovery of a Roman necropolis, at Carmona, near Seville. About six years ago, he says, he and a Spanish gentleman, Don Juan Fernandez, purchased the two plots of land known as The Quarries and The Olive Groves, situated at a short distance west of Carmona, and commenced our excavations. Upon this site were some curiously shaped mounds which were afterwards found to be tumuli of a pre-historic age. Round these mounds the Romans had for centuries hewn small chambers out of the rock to serve as family tombs. These are from four to five yards square, and the height of a man. In the walls are small cavities or niches for the cinerary urns, each of which last generally contains, besides the ashes of the dead, a coin, a mirror, a lachrymary, needles, a stylus and tabula, and a signet-ring. The walls are mostly painted in fresco or distemper in the Pompeian style, with representations of birds, dolphins, and wreaths of flowers. Near the entrance of each tomb is the crematoruim, a curious oven also hewn out of the rock, on the sides of all of which signs of fire are still visible. Up to the present time about 320 tombs have been discovered. They are disposed in groups, some round the tumuli, some near the Roman quarries and on both sides of the Roman roads, two of which ran from Carmona to Seville through the necropolis. G. Bonsor goes on to say that the most important discoveries have been made near the Roman roads—namely, a columbarium and three large triclinia for the funeral banquets, with the peculiarity that in each a deep channel is cut all around the mensa into which the guests threw the libations. The largest funeral triclinium discovered contains three tables, with their couches round, the one for winter use being in a hall, another in the sun, and the third, for the summer, being in the shade. In addition to these there is an altar, a tomb with its cinerary urns, a kitchen, a bath, a well, and a sanctuary, in which is a stone statue. Last year, about fifty yards from this triclinium, a Roman amphitheatre, also hewn out of the rock, was discovered.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Natural History, Science, &c.

Comparison of Skim Milk with Meat.—Prof. Henry Trimble, of the Phila. College of Pharmacy has furnished to *The American Dairyman* the result of an investigation, into the amount of solid nutriment contained in skim milk, beef and mutton; and the relative costs. After evaporating the water from each, he found that one pound of the dried nutriment (including fat) from the beef cost 56 cents, from mutton 42 cents, and from skim milk 17 cents.

The Birds and the Light-houses.—The Department of Agriculture makes it obligatory upon light-house keepers to render periodical reports, upon blanks prepared for the purpose, of all members of the feathered tribe who meet their death by flying against the lights.

About a month ago, one stormy night, nearly 1,400 birds of various species were picked up on the balcony of the Statue of Liberty Torch, New York harbor, and near the base of the pedestal. Before this no particular account had been taken of these victims to curiosity, the officials of the island disposing of them in any way they saw fit, many, it is said, being sold to milliners and fancy stores. But upon this occasion Colonel Tassin, who is in military command of the island, having made inquiry about the birds, and being unable to find any trace of them, determined to apply to the authorities in Washington with the view of having the light-house regulations on this head applied to the Liberty Light. He was successful, and for the past month the matter has been very carefully looked after. To a reporter, Colonel Tassin said:

"I have heretofore received many letters from all sorts of people offering to buy the birds which were killed in this way. But I believed they were public property, and that I had no right to dispose of them. I thereupon instituted the Government system of records, which are now followed with military regularity. Every morning I go to the guard-house and overlook the birds collected by the men. I classify them as well as I can, and gather all the information called for by the monthly report. This includes the name of the bird, date, hour of striking, number striking, number killed, direction and force of the wind, character of the weather, and general remarks.

When I have collected about 200 specimens, I send them to the Washington National Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, and other scientific institutions, where I know they are wanted. I have received several letters from the Washington authorities and others, warmly thanking me for my action in the matter. The information has proved of much value, they tell me, in many instances, and it is only to be regretted that light-house keepers generally do not carry out with more care the provisions of this governmental regulation. As to the number and species of birds which are killed by the statue, my October record shows a very large total; larger, doubtless, than any other light in America. The commonest bird killed is a species of wren of which I don't know the name, but which closely resembles the Baltimore oriole. There are few large or very rare birds, and the English sparrow, so common in our cities, is altogether too sharp to be caught in this way. He is too well accustomed to the electric glare of city life. On October 1st, the record shows there were 50 rails, 11 wrens, 2 catbirds, and 1 whip-poor-will; on the second, 2 wrens; the third 8 wrens, and so on, the average being about 20 birds per night, although the character of the weather, the direction of the wind, &c., has a great deal to do with the matter. On clear nights there are none or very few, but on dark nights the harvest is very large. On the 12th inst. 175 wrens were gathered in, although it was not a particularly dark or windy night."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Silk Culture in China.—A large proportion of the inhabitants near Ningpo, are employed in the care of "The Precious Ones," as they are called. So, great mulberry orchards are cultivated in order to supply leaves for the hungry worms, and as the trees are kept low to enrich the foliage, men, (and I have seen women also) save time by climbing the trees, and combine pruning with gathering, by cutting off large branches, which they throw down, and then the women and children pick off the leaves, wasting the half-ripe fruit *which grows along the stem.* The fruit, however, is insipid even when ripe. The branches thus cut are bound in faggots, and sold as firewood.

Each mother moth produces about five hundred tiny eggs, which are deposited with the greatest regularity on pieces of coarse paper. (In the Northern Provinces, where the cold is greater, they are supplied with pieces of cloth instead.) These sheets of paper are gently dipped into fresh water, and are then hung up to dry, being thus left suspended to horizontal bamboos all through

the autumn. In bleak December these cloths are removed to a room which has been carefully swept, and which is subject to all the good influences of light and aspect.

In this province, when heathen neighbors wish to persecute native Christians, the natural preliminary is to threaten to cut their mulberry-trees, thus at one stroke destroying their whole stock-in-trade, by ensuring the death of the worms.

In February the eggs are again washed, (sometimes tepid water is poured over them for a considerable time to equalize the date of their hatching,), they are then placed on mats which are spread on shelves, extending all around the room. It is considered desirable that these shelves should be made of bamboo, as being a scentless wood, and the worms are supposed to be very sensitive to all such influences. Great care is taken to secure their house from all bad smells, though it is difficult to conceive by what standard this subtle matter is decided, as the whole Chinese nation are apparently altogether devoid of the sense of smell!

The temperature of the silk-worm house is also carefully regulated, the thermometer by which it is determined being the human body! The attendant is required periodically to throw off his raiment, and so enter the presence of "The Precious Ones;" should he thus become conscious that the air is damp or cool, he must at once bring in a charcoal stove. He must especially guard against any breath of wind blowing into the house, as this produces a disease akin to rheumatism.

Should a thunderstorm arise, he must quickly cover all the shelves or trays with sheets of very thick paper, to lessen the glare of the lightning, which is supposed to alarm the worms. Unfortunately, the roar of the thunder cannot be shut out, and these little creatures are supposed to be so sensitive to noise that those who approach them must be careful only to whisper with bated breath, if indeed, any speech be necessary.

Ceaseless war is also waged against flies, which attack the young worms and try to deposit their eggs upon their bodies.

One item of attention to the health of the young worms consists in a judicious change of diet—a little fine flour of rice, green peas and black beans being administered as an occasional tonic during their thirty-two days of worm-life. Then they commence spinning, and work for about five days, when the cocoons are complete, and the spinners who have thus prepared their sarcophagi proceed to transform themselves into mummy-like chrysalids, vainly hoping to be allowed to await their resurrection undisturbed. This, of course, is by no means the intention of the silk-farmer, who immediately collects the cocoons, and places them on bamboo shelves, near a slow fire of charcoal, the heat of which effectually kills the self-imprisoned spinners, who otherwise would, of course, break through the cocoon and cut the silk.—*C. F. Gordon Cummings' Travels in China.*

Items.

Secret Societies.—At the Missouri Conference of Mennonites, held in Morgan County, Ninth Month 23rd, the following testimony was agreed upon:—"It is the sense of this Conference that all *secret organizations*, such as were in existence years ago, Masonry, Oddfellowship, &c.; more recently the Grange, and later still Knights of Labor Unions, Temperance (secret) Societies, &c., are not in harmony with the Gospel as we understand it. As Christians it is our duty to stand aloof from them."

Missionary Statistics.—D. Dorchester, in *The Congregationalist*, states that the annual contributions of the American churches to Home and Foreign Missionary Societies have averaged about $7,000,000 annually since 1880. This is about sixty cents per member.

Music in Mission Work.—The *Methodist Times*, in speaking of the operations of the London West End Mission, says they need for their service on First-day evenings, "four first violins, three second violins, two violos, one violoncello, two double basses, one flute and piccolo, two clarionets, one bassoon, one cornet, two French horns, and one euphonium." Besides they intend to have a choir of some hundreds of voices.

The *Christian Advocate*, of New York, in commenting on this says: "We confess to a fear lest so much 'sounding brass and tinkling cymbal' may distract attention from the spiritual truths which gave early Methodism its power."

The motive for using such instruments is we suppose to attract to the meetings a class of listeners, who are not in the habit of attending religious meetings; but to us it seems very much like doing evil that good may come of it.

An Industrial Farm.—Dr. Barnardo, a somewhat distinguished philanthropist and physician of London, has carried out a pet benevolent scheme by purchasing 5,000 acres of land in the northwestern part of the Dominion of Canada, and proposes to make the tract an "industrial farm" where homeless lads of London may be sent. Dr. Barnardo has been singularly successful in reclaiming the little waifs of the British metropolis, and giving them practical, moral and intellectual educations.—*The Independent.*

Ex-President Hayes' Speech.—In a late speech on the Constitution, Ex-President Hayes said of the United States: "It can do without a great army, because it needs none. It can do without a splendid navy, because it needs none. It can do without expensive fortifications, because it has no use for them. The prestige, the credit, the wealth, the future of this country, under the Constitution, are such that the country needs none of these things.

"We hear of such a nation being the great war power of a continent, and of such another as the ruler in diplomacy. It is the glory of America, under the Constitution, to be the great pacific power of the globe—able without an army or navy to keep peace at home and to command respect and consideration abroad."

The Ministry of Women.—The Editor of the *Sunday School Times* was asked to explain in that paper the text in 1 Corinthians xiv. 34, "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law." The inquiry appears to have come from one who was puzzled to decide how far it was right for women to take an active part in the meetings of societies designed to promote Christian effort. The editor makes a reply, and we quote from it to show that correct views as to the ministry of women are spreading in the Christian Church.

"It is evident that Paul is not here introducing a new teaching which is wholly different from that which was prevalent under 'the law;' but that he is declaring a truth which is consistent with all that is taught on the subject, by precept and by illustration, in the Old Testament and in the New. And what are those other teachings? Miriam was a prophetess. She led the praises of God's people in a time when they were made God's witnesses before all the world. Deborah was not only a prophetess, but a ruler and a leader in Israel. "She judged Israel," and she directed the military movements of Israel. Huldah was a prophetess. She declared the word of God to king and priest and scribe alike. Micah, the prophet of God, pointed back to Miriam as one of God's leaders in Israel. And Joel, another prophet of God, foretold that in the better days of the Messiah the 'daughters' of the Lord's people should prophesy under the guidance of the Spirit of God. This is the way it was according to the Old Testament record. How was it according to the New? Anna was a prophetess in the temple courts. Elizabeth and Mary spoke songs of praise, which the gospel records for the benefit of future generations, together with the prophesyings of Anna. Priscilla was a companion of Paul in his journeying, and she was one of those who improved the eloquent Apollos' theology, when they 'expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly.' Paul refers to her as one of his 'helpers in Christ Jesus,' unto whom not only *he* was ready to 'give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles.' As Paul says that there was a church in her house, she could hardly have helped speaking in church, unless she went out doors for street-preaching. Philip, the evangelist, had seven unmarried daughters who prophesied, and no apostle seems to have had any rebuke for them. Even Paul, who is cited as opposed to a woman's having any part in public services, refers to the importance of a woman's having her head covered when she does pray or prophesy. In short, if it were found that Paul's words—in the two or three texts which are taken out for proof in that direction—are to be understood as showing that God forbids to woman a part in the teaching of his word or in his public praise, then all these other passages from the Old Testament of the New are to be faced as in hopeless conflict with that teaching,—a conclusion which is not to be accepted by one who receives the Bible in its unity as the word of God. What, then, does Paul mean here which is consistent with all that is taught elsewhere? The *letter* of his text in his writing to the Corinthians and to Timothy has its application in view of the habits and customs of the time in the communities of which he was speaking. The *spirit* of that text is for all time and everywhere. He enjoins upon Christian women a seemly and orderly conformity to God's word on the one hand, and a due regard to a wise public sentiment on the other hand. Women in the East were, and as a rule they still are, required to be veiled. Paul would not have Christian women seem to be less modest than heathen women. Husbands generally in the East were strongly prejudiced against their wives' speaking in public. Paul advised Christian wives to conform to their husbands' wishes in this thing."

China Furnishes a Lesson for Congress.—The Congress of the United States has been furnished an example of international comity and fair dealing by the Government of China, which is worthy of imitation. It required years of argument and appeal to induce Congress to do an act of simple justice to China in the matter of the indemnity fund. This money was forced from China by "the treaty powers" for alleged damages to the commerce of the respective powers by reason of acts committed by forces in rebellion against the Chinese Government. For many years bills were pending for the return of this money to China, and, notwithstanding reported recommendations for affirmative action from the President in the interest of American commerce in the East, the refund was only accomplished last year. The action of Congress, however, in this particular case is not singular. A number of instances might be cited to show how difficult it is to obtain justice through the medium of Congress, when the appropriation of a large amount of money is involved. The demand of China for indemnity for the outrages upon and cruel massacre of Chinese at Rock Springs, in Wyoming Territory, was not complied with by Congress until two years had passed from the time of the massacre, and even then opposition to the appropriation was nearly strong enough to defeat justice. The indemnity fund was recently paid over to China for distribution to the families and representatives of the massacred Chinamen; the Chinese Minister informed Secretary Bayard that six of the claimants who alleged they had been injured at the time of the assault were discovered by the Minister to be unworthy, and their claims fictitious. The Minister, therefore, by direction of the Chinese Government, returned to Secretary Bayard the amount of money represented by the six rejected claims. And yet the Chinese are regarded and treated by the American Congress as "heathen," and acts are passed in violation of solemn treaty stipulations to oppress and persecute them, and to prohibit them from even passing through the United States, except under annoying and humiliating regulations.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Prayer is the vital breath of faith.

THE FRIEND.

ELEVENTH MONTH 19, 1887.

The extract from the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, headed "The Poor Indian," which is published in another column of our paper, if the account furnished by the Indian officials is correct, furnishes another illustration of the difficulties thrown in the way of the advancement of the Indian in civilization, by the hostility or greed of their white neighbors. It illustrates a statement that has been made, that the principal need for the extension of the strong arm of the United States in respect to the Indians is, to protect them from the unscrupulous attempts of their white neighbors to obtain possession of their property or otherwise molest them—not to protect other settlers from their attacks. But we prefer to look for the ultimate solution of these difficulties not to armed force, but to those convictions of right and justice which flow from the work of the Spirit of Christ; and which, in a God-fearing people, must raise a force of public sentiment against wrong and oppression sufficient to restrain the covetous and unprincipled.

It is "righteousness which exalteth a nation," and the existence of a body of citizens living in good measure under the government of the grace of God, which teaches to "live righteously," gives the strongest assurance of national security and prosperity. On the other hand the indulgence in unscrupulous selfishness, and disregard of the rights of others has a strong tendency to produce intestine disorders in a State, and to arouse resentments which lead to confusion and lawlessness. And when these things prevail in a community, they are made instruments of self-punishment to that nation or people.

A love for our country and a desire for its permanent welfare, should lead its citizens in all parts of its extended domains, to seek for the Divine blessing upon it, and to labor as private individuals, and as members of the nation, for the repression of everything which violates the commands of the Great Ruler of the Universe.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

UNITED STATES.—The State Department has been informed by the British Minister "that his Government has deemed it necessary to rigidly enforce the Act of Parliament of 1875, concerning explosives, which renders any person importing explosives in his baggage into the United Kingdom liable to heavy penalties in addition to the forfeiture of the explosives."

The President, on the 9th instant, issued a proclamation announcing the exchange of the ratifications of the amended reciprocity treaty between the United States and Hawaii, which definitely extends the duration of the treaty for some years. Under the amended treaty the United States is given the exclusive right to establish and maintain a naval, coaling and repairing station at the mouth of the Pearl River in the island of Oahu.

The Secretary of the Treasury has informed the Collector of Customs at Eastport, Maine, that "electricity, being an invisible, subtle agent for power, possessing no substance as a merchantable commodity, would not be liable to duty when brought into Calais by wire for purposes of illumination."

The majority against Prohibition in Oregon is now estimated at between 7000 and 8000.

Tobacco smoking at the University of Pennsylvania has been prohibited.

In a recent week, 80,000 bushels of flax-seed were shipped from Washburn, Wis., to Eastern markets.

On the 10th instant, five new cases of yellow fever, and two deaths were reported in Tampa, Florida.

On Sixth-day the 11th instant, four of the Chicago anarchists, Parsons, Engel, Fischer and Spies, were executed. Louis Lingg, one of their number, had committed suicide, two days previously. The other two, Fielden and Schwab, have had their sentences commuted to imprisonment for life, by the Governor of Illinois.

Deaths in Philadelphia last week numbered 345, which is 31 more than during the previous week, and 15 less than in the corresponding period last year. Of the whole 42 died of consumption; 28 of diseases of the heart; 20 of pneumonia; 16 of old age; 15 of croup; 14 of typhoid fever; 12 of convulsions; 11 of apoplexy, and 10 of marasmus.

Markets, &c.—U. S. 4½'s, reg., 108¼; coupon, 109¼; 4's, 127⅜; currency 6's, 121 a 130.

Cotton was quiet, with small sales of middling uplands at 10¾ cts. per pound.

Feed was quiet but steady under light supplies. Sales of 1 car choice Southern bran at $18 per ton. Quotations: Bran, winter, $17.25 a $18, bran, spring, $17 a $17.35.

Petroleum (quoted by Philadelphia Petroleum Exchange). — Opened, 73⅜; closed, 74. Highest, 74; Lowest, 73⅜.

Flour and Meal.—Trade continued quiet. Springs ruled firm, but winters were barely steady. Sales of 125 barrels Pennsylvania family at $3.75; 125 barrels Ohio, clear, at $4; 250 barrels do. straight, at $4.15; 500 barrels winter patent, at $4.35 a $4.50; and 125 barrels Minnesota clear, at $4, and 625 barrels do., patent, at $4.65 a $4.85. Rye flour was quiet and easier. Small sales at $3.25 a $3.40 per barrel.

Grain.—No. 2 red wheat 82⅝ a 82⅞ cts.

No. 2 mixed red corn, 50½ a 51 cts.

No. 2 white oats, 34¾ a 35 cts.

Beef cattle were in poor request at 3 a 5 cts.

Sheep were ¼c. higher at 2 a 5 cts.

Lambs were dull and lower at 3½ a 6¼ cts.

Hogs were active and ¼c. higher; western, 6⅞ a 7¼c.

Milch calves were active and higher at 6 a 8 cts., while fed calves were dull at 3 a 5½ cts.

Milch cows were wanted at $30 a $65.

Fat cows were dull at 2 a 3¼ cts.

FOREIGN.—On the 13th instant an attempt was made to hold a meeting in Trafalgar Square, London, to be addressed by R. C. Graham, M. P., an extreme Liberal. In anticipation of a disturbance, four thousand police took possession of the approaches to the square. An immense concourse of people attempted to occupy the place, but were repulsed by the police. Many persons were injured in the collisions which took place, and the crowds did not disperse until after dark.

O'Brien and Mandeville will, on their release from Tullamore Jail, bring suits for damages for illegal arrest against Magistrate Stokes, who ordered their arrest after the decision on the appeal of their cases at Mitchellstown, and for assault against Inspector of Police Creagh, who executed the order.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, in a speech at Bristol on the night of the 14th instant, hinted that he would resume official work at an early date. He praised Balfour for the manner in which he had performed the duties of an onerous office. He condemned the Gladstonians for countenancing the agitation in Ireland. If they had acted otherwise, he said, the Crimes act would not have been needed. He deprecated any hasty decision regarding the Land Purchase act, and advocated a policy in accordance with John Bright's suggestion, that the transfer of land to tenants may be made under the Ashbourne act. He asked why the Gladstonians supported the plan of campaign when the recent land bill conceded more to Irish tenants than Gladstone had ever offered, and he answered the question by asserting that their action was due to the fact that the Irish now expected to get the land for nothing. This idea, he said, must be eradicated, and the supremacy of the law be enforced.

A bill has been submitted to the French Chamber of Deputies to enlarge Havre harbor and improve the navigation of the Lower Seine, at a cost of 100,000,000 francs.

Victor de Lesseps, in a letter published last week, states that his father, Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, will soon make another trip to Panama, and repeats the promise that the canal will be opened in Second Month, 1890, and that no further loan for the canal will be required. The letter is intended to reassure alarmed holders of shares of the Panama Canal.

Advices from Panama say that Sanco Armero, agent of the Columbian Government on the Isthmus respecting canal affairs, has recently completed his report on the canal. He says that, according to the plans, the number of cubic metres to be excavated in order to open the canal was 143,000,000, and to these figures must be added the quantity of earth to be moved in order to lead off the waters of the Chagres, Obispo and Rio Grande rivers, which amounts to 18,000,000 cubic metres. According to the figures of the company, there yet remain 127,074,770 cubic metres to be removed. Up to date the sum expended is 1,818,023,900 francs, and the agent states that the amount yet to be expended before a good maritime canal is obtained, will reach the enormous sum of 3,012,495,400 francs.

A despatch from San Remo to the *New Free Press*, says that Dr. Mackenzie admits that the growth in the Crown Prince's throat is a cancer, and deprecates an operation, which he declares will be both useless and dangerous. The Crown Princess also opposes an operation.

All Russian residents in Berlin have been visited by the police and given a list of questions relating to date and place of their birth, their domestic and business life, &c. Answers to these questions must be sent to the Russian Consulate within twenty-four hours.

Cholera has reappeared in Messina, Sicily.

The floods in Hon Nan, China, are increasing. Hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants of that province are destitute. In one place 5000 men who were repairing embankments were overwhelmed by the floods and 4000 of them drowned.

Another terrible inundation has occurred at Sze-Chuen.

WESTTOWN BOARDING SCHOOL.

Until further notice the stage will connect with the trains which leave Broad St. Station at 7.07, 8.53, 2.47 and 4.55; and at other times on timely notice being sent to J. G. WILLIAMS, *Supt.*

DIED, of consumption, on the 24th of Third Month, 1887, MAHALA, wife of Jonathan Harvey, and daughter of William and Emeline Airy, in the 36th year of her age, a member of West Union Monthly Meeting of Friends, Indiana. Being brought by a painful and lingering disease to realize the necessity of a preparation for death, she was favored through the sufficiency of grace to surrender her all—a loving companion, three tender children, and doting parents—into the care and keeping of Israel's unslumbering Shepherd. After she had apparently nearly passed the portals of neverending day, she revived; bade farewell to friends and relatives, requesting them to meet her in Heaven, and bore a living testimony to the principles of Friends, especially in regard to plainness of dress and address. Although she continued nearly two nights and a day, her work seemed finished; and in her lucid moments she was calm and peaceful, saying, "I'm so happy;" and we realize the Scripture declaration, "Being dead she yet speaketh."

——, on the 21st of Ninth Month, 1887, suddenly, of heart paralysis, BEULAH LEEDS, a member of Wilmington Particular Meeting, Delaware, aged 86 years and 2 months. Upward of four years ago she contracted a serious illness while spending the winter in Florida, returning therefrom in an exhausted and very low condition; and, until her decease, was subject to frequently recurring and weakening chills. Upon the day of her reaching home, she gave utterance to some expressions which betokened that her soul had not come to that state of settled resignation and trust which she nevertheless yearned for. A year later she was again very ill at the house of one of her sons. During her convalescence, she one day remarked, as her son sat by her bedside, that she had been looking into the ground (or reason) why she should feel so peaceful—it seemed to be now made so plain to her that Jesus Christ had come for our sakes that we might be the heirs of salvation. So realizing, experimentally, the truth of the declaration that, "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." Quietness of spirit, and patience under physical suffering, were her portion during the remainder of her days. It is believed that she passed hence in peace.

——, at her residence, Haddonfield, N. J., on the 4th of Tenth Month last, MARY REDMAN, aged 38 years. This dear Friend was privileged to experience, during a somewhat protracted illness, the preciousness of a Saviour's tenderness and a Redeemer's love; and had the consoling assurance, mercifully granted, of rest beyond the grave.

——, at her residence in Fulton Township, Lancaster County, Pa., on Tenth Month 15th, 1887, MARGARET J. TOLLINGER, in the 69th year of her age, a consistent and esteemed member of Nottingham and Little Britain Monthly Meeting of Friends. She endured many years of suffering, with patience and resignation to the Divine will; possessing a meek and humble spirit, with love to all the human family.